The Woful Complaint, and Lamentable Death of

a forſaken Lover.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

DOwn by a Foreſt where I did paſs,
To ſee abroad what ſports there was,
Walking by a pleaſant ſpring,
The birds in ſundry notes did ſing.
Long time I wandred here and there,
To ſee what ſports in Foreſt were,
At length I heard one make great moan,
Saying from me all joys are gone.
I gave good heed unto the ſame,
Muſing from whence this eccho came,
And by no means I could deviſe,
From whence this ſorrowful ſound did riſe;
But in that place I did remain,
Until I heard it once again.
Where preſently I heard one ſay,
O death come take my life away.
I looked down on my right hand,
A ſort of pleaſant trees did ſtand,
And under them I did behold,
A pleaſant place with ſhadows cold:
A ſumptuous ſeat was in the ſame,
Muſing from whence this eccho came:
Then in this place I did perceive
A Gentleman moſt fine and brave.
And from that place he did come down,
Caſting from him his morning Gown,
Walking up and down that place,
A ſtraught a proper man he was.

Thus to himſelf he did lament,
Wiſhing to God his days were ſpent,
His torment did increaſe ſo ſore,
His heart was able to bare no more.
I ſtept into a hollow tree,
Becauſe I would his paſſion ſee:
With folded arms looking to'th ſkies,
The tears a'as ſtood in his eyes:
And careleſs of his life he ſeem'd,
Pitty he was no more eſteem'd:
Then down he lay upon the ground,
No eaſe of ſorrow could be found.
Thus he lamented in woful caſe,
Seven long years within few day,
Saying, while I live I muſt remain,
And find no help to eaſe my pain:
For ſhe that ſhould my ſorrows remove,
She doth diſdain to be my Love,
And hath done ſo ſince ſhe did hear,
That I to her good will did bare.
Ye Gods above come eaſe my pain,
Sith heavy grief doth it conſtrain,
For while my corps remain on earth,
She'l ſhew the cauſes of my death:
And every tree that here doth ſtand,
Shall be engraven with mine hand:
That they long time may witneſs bare,
Love was the cauſe that I dy'd here.
Nature to her did ſo much right,
And in as many vertues dight,
Scorning to take the help of Art,
As ever did imbrace a heart:
Being ſo good, ſo truly try'd,
O ſome for leſs were deifi'd:
Full of pitty as ſhe may be,
And yet perhaps not ſo to me.
When firſt I ſaw her pleaſant face,
Methought a pleaſant ſight it was:
Her beauty took my wits away,
I knew not how one word to ſay:
A Gentleman took her to dance,
She gallantly her ſelf did prance,
And kept her order in due time,
Which made me wiſh ſhe had been mine:
But when I thought ſhe had been my own,
Then was ſhe fartheſt from me flown,
She gave no ear unto my cry,
Which makes me here in ſorrow dye.

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She gave no ear unto my cry,
Which makes me here in ſorrow dye.

For she was in another mind,
Which to my pain I often find,
Of all my hopes I am beguil'd,
Which makes me range the wood so wild.
To silent trees I made my moan,
And birds and beasts did hear me groan,
Yet she that could my sorrows remove,
Disloyal wretch to me doth prove:
My love to her was constant pure,
And to my end shall so endure;
And Jove to her I hope will send
A grieved mind before her end.
I have forsaken friends and kin,
My days to end these woods within,
My pleasures past I now do leave,
Sweet Saviour Christ my soul receive:
Bear witness heaven of my grief,
To ease my heart send some relief.
Fair Maids unto your Loves be true,
If the first be good, change not for new.
O young men all be warn'd by me,
Gaze not too much on womens beauty,
Lest that you be so fettered fast,
You cannot be releast at last:
Some womens wiles are too well known,
In Love oft changing stick to none,
they'l swear they love you with their heart
When tongue and mind are both apart.
My love to her I did reveal,
And from her nothing did conceal,
Though at the first she seemed coy,
She said at last I was her joy:
And none but I her love should have,
What need I any more to crave:
But Doggard like she me abus'd,
Another taken, and I refus'd.
When he had bewail'd his sorrows long,
He took his Lute that by him hung,
And on the same he sweetly plaid,
While thereupon these words he said:
O Death when will that hour come,
That I have waited for so long?
For while I live I languish still,
Finding no help to ease my ill.
Then quite he flung his Lute away,
And took his sword that by him lay:
Says, oft thou hast been thy Masters friend
And now thou must his torments end.
He gave true sentance in that place,
To end his life in woful case:
The Hilt he stuck into the ground,
And gave himself a deadly wound,
Then unto him I ran amain,
But O alas it was in vain,
For long before to him I came,
His death he had upon the same.
I found his grave was ready made,
Wherein I thought he should be laid,
And in that place I laid him down,
And over-spread his morning Gown:
Over his Grave his sword I laid,
Whereby his death he had receiv'd,
Upon his Lute a peal I rung,
And by the place his Lute I hung,
Then I beheld on every Tree,
Her name that was his only joy;
Which long before his face did stand,
Because she got the upper hand.
This Maid that did do all this wrong,
To live a Maid thought it o're long,
But married was to such a one,
As daily made her sigh and groan:
Her coynes to her former love,
Disloyal now doth truly prove:
Take heed fair Maidens for you see
Wrongs always will revenged be.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.